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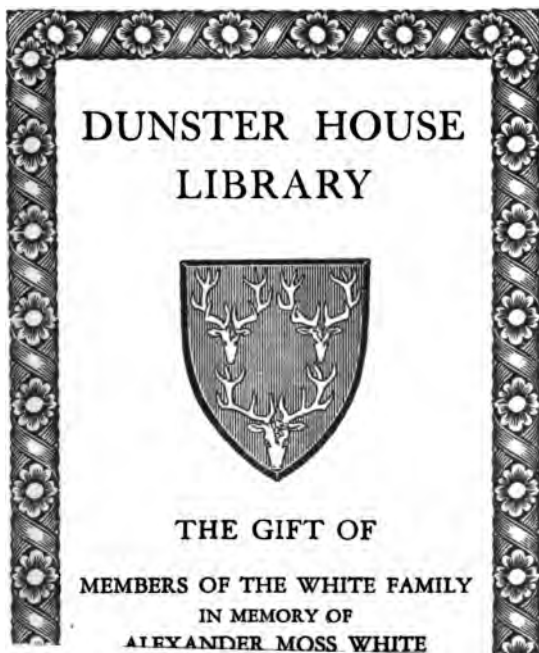
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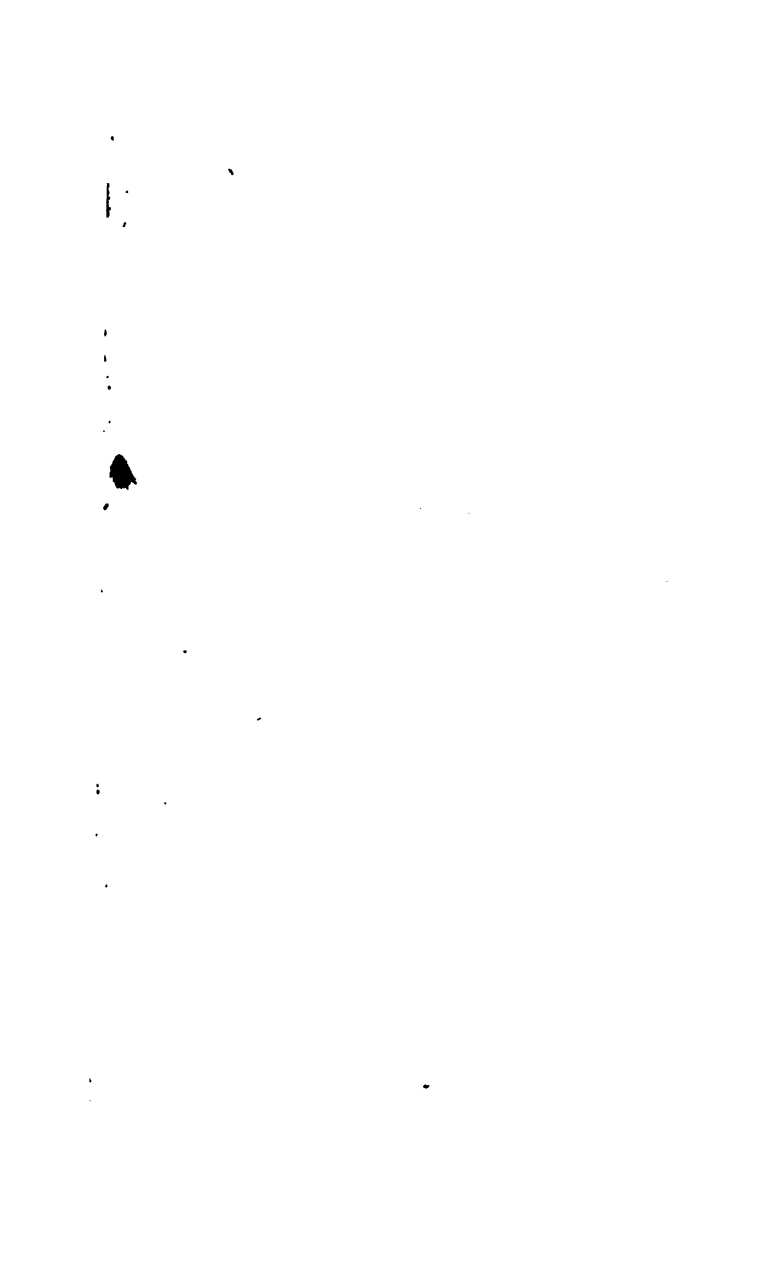
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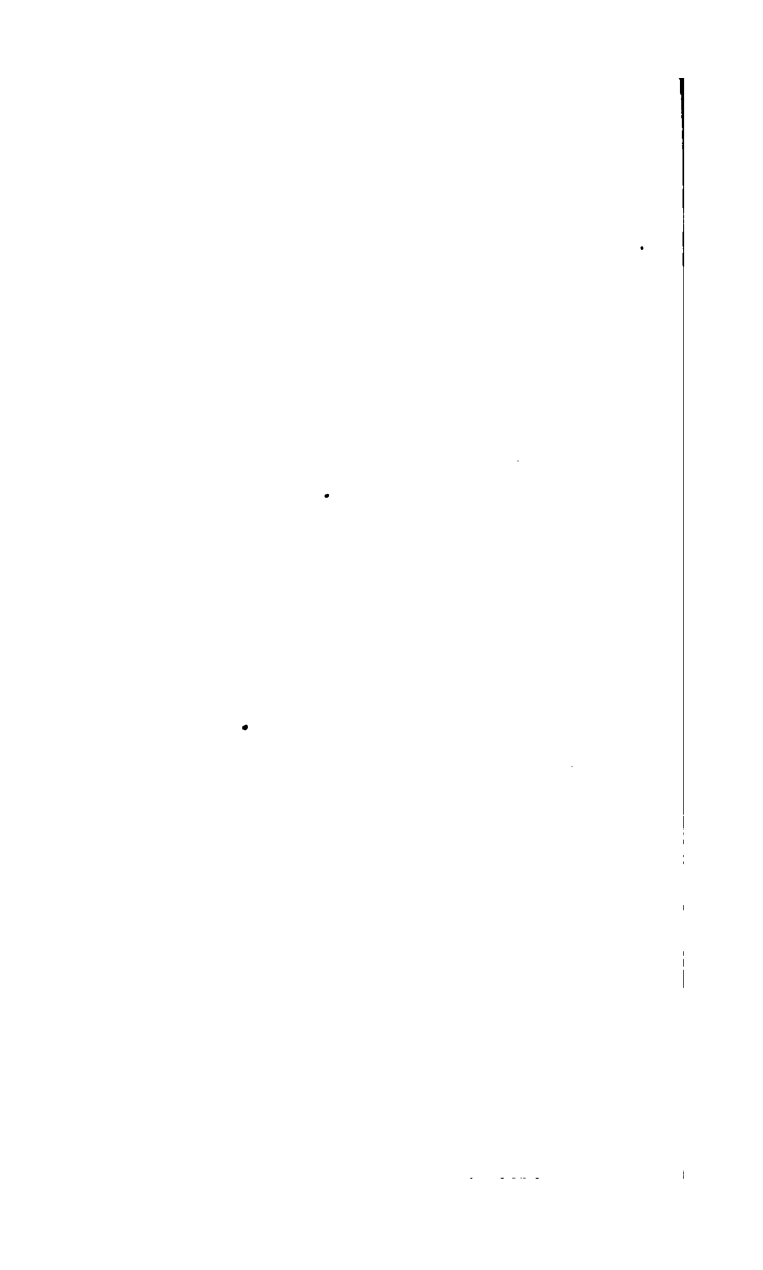
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CHRYSANTHEMA

THE cloudcapped monuments of mighty kings and captains crumble into dust and mingle with the nameless ashes of those who reared them ; but we know perhaps the name and even the colour of the hair and eyes of some humble shepherd's mistress who brushed through the dew to meet her lover's kiss, when the rising sun glittered on the golden images that crowned the palace roof of Semiramis. Fleets and navies are overwhelmed and forgotten, but some tiny love freighted argosy, launched (like those of the Hindoo maidens) upon the stream of time in days now behind the horizon, floats down to us with its frail lamp yet burning. Theories for which great philosophers wore their hearts out, histories over which the eyes of wise men ached for weary years, creeds for which hundreds underwent an exulting martyrdom, poems which had once quickened the beating of the world's great heart, and the certainty of whose deathlessness had made death sweet to the poet—all these have mouldered to nothing ; but some word of love, some outvent of a sorrow which haply filled only one pair of eyes with tears, these seem to have become a part of earth's very lifeblood.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

CHRYSA N T H E M A
GATHERED FROM THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY BY
WILLIAM M HARDINGE



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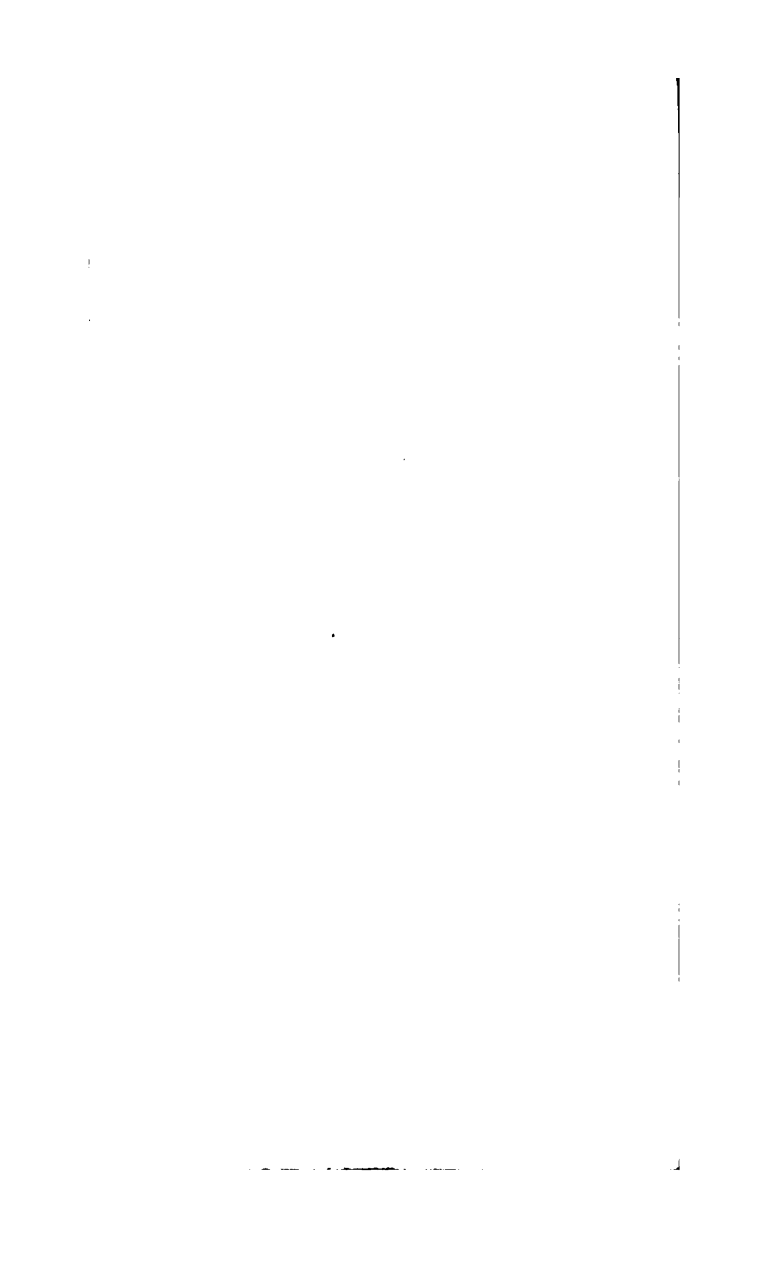
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THOMAS B. MOSHER
1911



SUCH THE BLOSSOMS THAT WERE BORNE
BY THE GRECIAN SOIL OUTWORN,
WHOM THE PORTION TO POSSESS
OF ETERNAL YOUTHFULNESS
DID THE MUSES, KINDLY BENT,
WITH THE GRACES IN CONSENT,
WILL, UPON THEIR OPENING,
THEIR SWEET BEAUTY MARVELLING.
NOT OF GRECIAN BIRTH ARE WE,
BUT, NO GRECIANS THOUGH WE BE,
STILL TO US THE BLOOMS ARE DEAR,
BLOWN IN GREECE, AND NEVER SERE.

WALTER HEADLAM



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FOREWORD

PERHAPS, however, the true secret of their charm is this; that in their complets, after listening to the choric raptures of triumphant public art, we turn aside to hear the private utterances, the harmoniously modulated whispers of a multitude of Greek poets telling us their inmost thoughts and feelings. The unique melodies of Meleager, the chaste and exquisite delicacy of Callimachus, the clear dry style of Straton, Plato's unearthly subtlety of phrase, Antipater's perfect polish, the good sense of Palladas, the fretful sweetness of Agathias, the purity of Simonides, the gravity of Poseidippus, the pointed grace of Philip, the few but mellow tones of Sappho and Erinna, the tenderness of Simmias, the biting wit of Lucilius, the sunny radiance of Theocritus—all these good things are ours in the Anthology. But beyond these perfumes of the poets known to fame is yet another. Over very many of the sweetest and the strongest of the epigrams is written the pathetic word ἀδὲσποτον—'without a master.' Hail to you, dead poets, unnamed, but dear to the Muses! Surely with Pindar and Anacreon, with Sappho and with Sophocles, the bed of flowers is spread for you in those 'black-petalled hollows of Pieria' where you bade Euripides farewell.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS



FOREWORD

THE *Greek Anthology* is that vast drift-heap of antique poetry, consisting of something like six thousand distinct pieces of verse, which has survived the wreck of empires. Its lyric accretions, in more or less fragmentary condition, extend from first to last over a period of nearly twenty centuries. Imbedded in this mighty maze, (which once was not without a plan,) lie enshrined some of the most exquisite utterances of human love and longing; while in *Meleager*, the earliest gatherer of old Greek posies, are evidences of that eternal self-renewing romanticism which binds together hearts of dust with hearts that still throb and burn. Conceivably, also, the lost world of *Herondas*, the delicate atmosphere of which has been wonderfully recaptured by *Marcel Schwob* in his *Mimes*, is precisely that living world depicted in these palimpsests of a vanished past.

Thus much premised it is doubly delightful to come upon an unspoiled specimen of rare poetic scholarship, wherein is made over to us

who are neither scholars nor poets save in our appreciation of what such gifts may mean, a gracious bequest,—this Chrysanthema of old-world song. As if in emulation of the many “unknown masters” of the *Anthology* the name of its author is not to be found save in connexion with this unique series of direct translations.¹ Originally printed in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1878, the little garland was left to time and chance, a marvellous and regrettable instance of literary modesty we could well wish otherwise.²

“Time and fate could not destroy the blooms of the *Anthology*, the loveliest Syracusan idyls, the odes of Catullus and Horace;” and, as Mr. Stedman goes on to say, in his *Nature* and

¹ A statement that must be revised as it is a recently ascertained fact that Mr. Hardinge is still living and is the author of at least several novels as well as the writer of the *Newdigate Prize Poem* for 1876, which last we have appended to these translations from the *Anthology*. The novels so far as ascertainable are *Clifford Gray*: a *Romance of Modern Life*, 1881; *Eugenia*: an *Episode*, 3 vols., 1883; *The Willow Garth*: a *Novel*, 2 vols., 1886; *Out of the Fog*: a *Tale*, 1888. See also *A Reminiscence of Rossetti* in *The Universal Review* for March, 1890.

² First reissued in *The Bibelot* for January and February, 1903.

Elements of Poetry (1892), "*the word Irreparable suggests a yearning as infinite as that for the Unattainable.*" *It is indeed just this touch of old unhappy far-off things that in the verse we are considering,—this breath from the far distant lying, a faint susurrus of the spirit,—that still has power to move us as once it moved the hearts of men and women in the violet land of Greece—*

"A long while since, a long, long time ago."

T. B. M.





CHRYSANTHEMA

*The references throughout are to the
Anthologia Palatina (instruxit Fred.
Dübner, Paris, 1864).*



CHRYSANTHEMA

PERHAPS scholars have heard and read quite enough about the Greek Anthology. It has become historical, as all collected poems do, a storehouse not unlocked unless to group or edit the contents; this record of the manifold life of a thousand years has been made into a book, and has lost some of its vitality in the making. There is plenty of question about the different anthologies, and some little about the separate authors and their poems. But, on the other hand, poetry-lovers, and specially lovers of songs, hardly know how many of their favourites are there in original form. English people who love Herrick and Ben Jonson do not all know that Meleager was in love with daffodils, and wrote about the wreath he made of them very much as Herrick would have done; that Agathias as good as wrote 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' (the first verse of it at least, and the second is to be found unfathered in the fifth book of the Anthology too); and that, to speak in

reverse order of time, Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare and Spenser can all be quoted in it. There are epigrams with the stamp of each upon the face of them.

These lovers of songs—they may not care for history, and are very likely quite ignorant of Herrick's life and Jonson's—will not want to hear much about the song-writers themselves; and there is not much to tell. 'Herrick' and 'Jonson' are to them respectively the names of a good many and a few well-known and well-loved verses, and so should Callimachus, for instance, and Agathias, and of course Meleager be; and that would be a great deal better fame for these poets than that students only should know about them as represented by certain numbers in the great drift-heap of the Anthology. Plato and Simonides have their better fame elsewhere, and are not in such risk of being laid by. This, then, is what I want to give—some readable little English poems written to all intents and purposes a great while ago in Greek. An accurate recognition of each poet as an individual cannot perhaps be made out of the original language,



scarcely even there; but just as Keats by his temperament met Homer halfway in Chapman, lovers of the Elizabethan poets and of modern poetry, as well as Greek scholars or better, can meet these very men with their sweethearts and their garlands 'in their habit as they lived' so many hundred years gone by.

Now, for us to do this with ease and pleasure, we must meet them under some guise familiar to us and not dull. This brings us to the question of metres. With our ears accustomed to such a great number of lyric forms, we must have variety above all else. For different subjects we want different keys and different time as in music. We have a strong instance of this in Tennyson's work. For the monotone of sorrow he takes one grave metre, but in 'Maud,' where the movement is as complex as life's, he varies the metres to correspond with it as best may be. The translator who would use one metre for these Greek epigrams, would have written 'Maud' in couplets. Hexameters and pentameters and occasional iambics are the metres of the Anthology, but they are

not familiar to us and never will be, unless combined with rhyme (and always the more rhyme the better), when they present as good a means as can be found for faithful and rhythmical translations; and heroic couplets which to us take the place of the longer lines to the Greek ear are generally dull. There is no denying that. Take up any book of unbroken couplets, and it will certainly prove less inviting than it could possibly have done in any other form, blank verse included. It is true that in English literature heroic couplets do best clothe the epigram; but then we must bear this in mind — what is nearest to our sympathies in the work of these so-called ‘epigrammatic’ poets is not, as we now speak, epigrammatic at all. Many of the verses are rhetorical exercises, jokes and so forth; but even of these (as Mr. Symonds has shown in his *Greek Poets*) most, though they have the point of an epigram, have not its sting. Meleager’s ‘wreath of songs’ was a collection of lyrics, most of them short and nearly all memorable, but their incisiveness is very different from the precision we look for in an epigram; they are not forced or witty, many

of them just idylls. In our English with its wide vocabulary, and if he had been writing for print and not for graving, it is not perhaps impertinent to suppose that he and his fellows, if not his predecessors, would have chosen the sonnet form. For the sonnet with its beautiful order, its strict rules, any one of which broken is an offence to the cultivated ear, and with the manifold changes of tone, the simplicity and the neatness which it admits, is really our best equivalent for the eight or ten hexameters and pentameters in which most of our favourite Greek epigrams are contained. As it is, a translator cannot render these into sonnets without a little undue expansiveness; but where the epigram is of fourteen lines or even twelve, he may fairly cast it into a sonnet, as I shall hope to show in one or two examples by-and-by.

To rondels and other 'moulds,' so to speak, for English verse, we are not accustomed. I am afraid, if I were to try these, I should not be simple enough for a translator. The charm of a rondel is its artificial grace, delighting the eye and ear. The charm of a translation in verse is that the

verse should neither load the sense nor tangle it. So I have not inserted any rondels, the most delicate webs of love-song possible.

We need not hesitate over the story of the Anthology as it has come down to us; Mr. Symonds has made it all interesting already, and what matters to us is that we have the poems in their original form. Being fugitive pieces, they will speak for themselves. We don't want to say, 'Now all this was a man's diathesis, and here is his heart-beat,' but 'Here is this man's heart-beat: judge his diathesis.'

The first collection that was made of Greek epigrams was Meleager's, just before the Christian era, and his way of collecting them is quite the most charming of all. He gathers the songs into a wreath, as he calls it, giving to each poet a symbolic flower; and though he gives all sorts of flowers, for health, and rest, and pleasuring, he gives no poppy to any one, which we must take to mean that they are none of them dull. This is how he introduces them: I have put the preface into blank verse, to preserve the

quantities for any one who cares to read it,
not because among so many names strange
to us we can hope to see all the pretty
touches of the poem.

I

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my Muse,
And who among the bards hath made this wreath?
Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Mæro, many an one,
And Sappho's flowers — so few but roses all —
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns — and thy young branch,
Vine of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith, Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna too
Clear as the girl's own skin — and hyacinth,
Alcæus' hyacinth that speaks to bards —
And a dark spray of Samius' laurel tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnesalcus' needled pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs
Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey — with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus.

This is Dioscorides'. We must find one epigram of his, at all events:—

And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree—
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicænetus,
Phaennus' flax plant—Simmius' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and—gleanings fair
Of the honey-dropping muses—golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides.
And old Anacreon— that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs :
And the rough white-thorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture— as it were.
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom—
Young shoots of Alexander's olive grown
And Polycleitus' dark blue cornflower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress : and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift.

That is Hermodorus. There is only one epigram of his in the Anthology, a beautiful one upon a statue of Athene:—

And Poseidippus too, and Hædulus—
Flowers of the field—and windflowers springing glad
In airs Sicilian,

(that is a periphrasis for Asclepias perhaps,

and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Chæræmon's leafy lotus, mixing it
With flox of Phædimus and chamomile—
The crinkled oxeve— of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas—
The wine cup's charm—and Phanieus' beanflowers too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards,
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

Mr. Wright's little book, *The Golden Treasury of Greek Poetry*, published in 1867

in the Clarendon Press Series,¹ gives a taste of a great many very good, nay, perhaps best, things, all through Greek literature, and his specimens from the Anthology are as good as the rest. The book is handy and available; and he has tied up the epigrams in groups which give some sort of order, and allow a sufficient variety. It were pity to do again what he has done so well, especially as by choosing his selection nearly all references and Greek letters can be avoided; so I shall take it for basis, and try and be clear and simple in my renderings and as interesting as I can. I shall want to add some few epigrams, nearly all of them Meleager's, and shall do so from time to time at the end of that group of Mr. Wright's to which they severally appertain.

We need not trouble ourselves about all the very classical epitaphs which form his first group. They have not the personal interest of those which come later in the fourth section, being for the most part

¹ The second edition, augmented and revised by Evelyn Abbott, M. A., LL. D., was published at Oxford in 1889.

rhetorical exercises — models of brevity and fulness in the Greek, but thankless in English verse, and indeed in print altogether. The longest of them, for instance, which has its *locus classicus* in Demosthenes' *De Corona*, has been done scores of times and never yet made thrilling. It is no doubt rather out of compliment and custom that Mr. Wright has included it. Scholars look for it everywhere, and I hope they will not be disappointed to forego their favourite here; it is quite too involved for translation, and has in itself none of the special charm of the Greek epigram — terseness with limpidity.

Here are his first two, epitaphs of Simonides, who lived a good five hundred years before Christ, 'On them that fell with Leonidas:' —

II

For their dear country these her quenchless glory
 Won, for themselves the dusky shroud of death.
 By that same death they live, whose echoing story
 Rings from the halls Hades inhabiteth.

And:

III

Stranger! tell Lacedæmon — here we lie!
 Hers was the word and ours the will to die.

And here is a fine traditionary epitaph for Achilles:—

IV

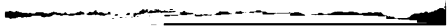
This mound, the Achæans reared, — Achilles' tomb —
For terror to the Trojans yet to be,
Leans shoreward that his mighty spirit whom
Sea Thetis bore may hear its dirge of the sea.

I should like to add this noble and characteristic one of Dioscorides. (I promised one of his for the sake of Meleager's wreath.) But I am afraid I must give a reference here to the *Palatine Anthology* (vii. 434).

V

The mother sent eight sons against the foe —
Eight sons beneath one pillar buried she,
Nor wept for grief, nor spake aught else but — 'Oh,
These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee!'

And now, commencing Mr. Wright's second section, we come straight upon Meleager's 'Spring Song,' which might be — I had almost written must be — Spenser's work in Greek, and which is one of the loveliest as it is one of the longest pieces in the Anthology. As there is evidently the Alexandrian touch about it, and the work is almost of the Christian era, I shall expand it a little more, in English, than I should venture to do were it the work of an earlier period:—



VI

Now wintry winds are banished from the sky,
 Gay laughs the blushing face of flowery Spring :
 Now lays the land her duskier raiment by
 And dons her grass-green vest, for signal why
 Young plants may choose themselves apparelling.

Now, drinking tender dews of generous morn,
 The meadows break into their summer smile,
 The rose unfolds her leaves : and glad, the while,
 In far-off hills the shepherd winds his horn,
 And his white brede the goatherd's heart beguile.

Now sail the sailors over billowing seas
 While careless Zephyr fills the canvas fair,
 And singing crowds with dances debonnaire
 Praise Dionysus for the grapes' increase —
 The berried ivy twisted in their hair.

Forth from the rotting hide now bees are come —
 Deft craftsmen working well and warily —
 And in the hive they settle, while they ply
 Fresh-flowing waxen store, with busy hum,
 And small pierced cells for their sweet industry.

Now shrilleth clear each several bird his note.
 The Halcyon charms the wave that knows no gale,
 About our eaves the swallow tells her tale,
 Along the river banks the swan, afloat,
 And down the woodland glades the nightingale.

Now tendrils curl and earth bursts forth anew —
 Now shepherd's pipe and fleecy flocks are gay —
 Now sailors sail, and Bacchus gets his due —
 Now wild birds chirp and bees their toil pursue —
 Sing, poet, thou — and sing thy best for May.

'Ainsi,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'le printemps de
 Méléagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel,
 comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos

mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrange plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature.'

Next we go back more than two hundred years to Leonidas. He is terser, but loves the spring quite as well (I must try and be terser too):—

VII

'Tis time to sail—the swallow's note is heard,
Who chattering down the soft west wind is come,
The fields are all aflower, the waves are dumb
Which erst the winnowing blast of winter stirred.

Loose cable, friend, and bid your anchor rise,
Crowd all your canvas at Priapus' hest,
Who tells you from your harbours—' Now 'twere best,
Sailor, to sail upon your merchandise.'

The last of this group is Agathias' vintage song. He lived a good seven hundred years after Leonidas, and is a pagan only by imitation; but he did delicious work, with a certain lilt about it that makes translation irresistible, and here he is at his very best—for his 'Laurel-leaves,' a series of love-songs, are lost long ago:—

VIII

Tread we thine infinite treasure, Iacchus, the vintage
sweet!

Weave we the Bacchic measure with paces of wildering
feet.

Down flows the vast clear stream, and the ivy-wood
bowls, as they float

O'er the surging nectar, seem each like a fairy boat.

Close we stand as we drink and pledge in the glowing
wine—

No warm Naiad, I think, need kiss in your cup or
mine!

See, o'er the wine-press bending, the maiden Rose-
flower beams—

Splendour of loveliness sending that dazzles the flood
with its gleams.

Captive the hearts of us all! straightway no man that
is here

But is bound to Bacchus in thrall—to Paphia in
bondage dear.

Cruel—for while at our feet he revels in bountiful rain,
Longing most fleet—most sweet—is all she gives for
our pain.

That is all, I am sorry to say, that Mr.
Wright has quoted in his idyllic section.
As I am going to cut out a few from his
fifth part, I shall here insert a lovely one of
Meleager's to a locust—not half well known
enough (vii. 195):—

IX

Charmer of longing—counsellor of sleep!

—The cornfields' chorister

Whose wings to music whirr—

Come, mimic lute, my soul in songs to steep,

Brush tiny foot and wing

In tender musicking:

Come! out of sleepless care my heart uplift,
Locust, and set love free
With your shrill minstrelsy.
And, in the morning, I will give for gift
A fresh green leek to you
And kissing drops of dew.

I will not apologise for the metre; no Englishman could write anything but a lyric to a locust.

The third part brings us to the love-songs, of which I cannot spare any, and I must add one or two. Meleager is at the head of the poets here, of course, but I cannot bring myself to give his sweethearts their proper names, Heliadora and Zenophile, and I prefer putting a simple English equivalent or none at all to selecting other names, which must always be a matter of the translator's individual taste, and so rather an impertinence, although no less a name than Shelley's¹ sanctions it.

¹ Though his 'kissing Helena' owes the name doubtless to the *Faustus* of Marlowe:—

'Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies.'

["Kissing Helena, together

With my kiss, my soul beside it

Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—

For the poor thing had wandered thither,

To follow where the kiss should guide it.

Oh cruel I to intercept it!"]

X

White flowers the violet now, Narcissus flowers
 And drinks the dewy showers :
 The lily plants arow
 On hillsides grow.
 But Spring's best crown, her flower of flowers, is here,
 My lady-love, my dear :
 Most winsome bud that blows
 And sweetest rose.
 Proud fields, in vain ye laugh with blooms bedight !
 For lo, my lady's light
 Is better than the breath
 Of all your wreath.

I shall be accused of *recherche* here ; but it is a case where it is much better to be fanciful than to be bald, and whoever cares to substitute 'Zenophile' for 'my lady-love' will see how it puts the little poem out, though it has no effect upon the metre.

The next is Elizabethan too, if I may classify my poets so, but full of epithets almost impossible in English :—

XI

I cry you Love—at earliest break of day
 But now, even now, his wings the wanderer spread
 And passed away,
 Leaving his empty bed.
 Ho ! ye that meet the boy—for such is he,
 Full of sweet tears and wit : a fickle sprite
 Laughing and free,
 With wings and quiver bright !

Yet know I not on whom to father Love—
 For earth denies the wanton child his name,
 And air above,
 And the broad sea the same.
 With each and all he lives at feud. Beware
 Lest, while I speak, he cast
 A dainty snare
 Over your hearts at last.
 But see! his hiding-place, his very self,
 Close to my hand, behold, the archer lies,
 A laughing elf
 Within my lady's eyes.

The next is of the same period, and by
 Philodemus, who came also from Gadara,
 which we know of as the city of swine, but
 which was a city of poets then.

Gadara first received me—that famous city my mother,
 says Meleager in one of his epitaphs for him-
 self, which we cannot find room for in full.
 In this song of Philodemus is a note of
 warning which we do not get in Meleager:—

XII

Not yet the season of bare stems for flowers,
 Nor yet winehued the grape cluster, which now
 Puts forth its maiden charms—but these the hours
 When little Loves prepare them each his bow,
 Lusidice, and smoke from embers lours—
 Poor lovers I and thou!
 Ere the dart speed a hasty flight be ours,
 For soon the world will be ablaze, I trow.



Meleager would not have confused the picture so; but what is real and valuable in that song is the sigh in it. Rufinus has the same sigh, but his touch is more pathetic still; he does not compliment his lady as Ben Jonson did when he 'sent her late a rosy wreath:'¹—

XIII

Oh! royal rose—of many a flower and sweet,
Mine hands have woven you a garland meet,
And, having woven, lay it at your feet.

Here lilies, here the rosebud, and here too
The windflower with her petals drenched in dew,
And daffodillies cool, and violets blue.

Let this fair garland put your pride to death!
To you that bloom to-day, each blossom saith
'Your beauty, like my beauty, withereth.'

Meleager's glad song comes in again, with no sadness in its tone:—

-
- 1 ["I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."]

This is the second stanza of that famous "*Song: To Celia*," of which "Drink to me, only with thine eyes" is the first and perhaps best known verse.]

XIV

Now will I weave white violets, daffodils
With myrtle spray,
And lily bells that trembling laughter fills,
And the sweet crocus gay.
With these blue hyacinth, and the lover's rose
That she may wear —
My sun-maiden — each scented flower that blows
Upon her scented hair.

I think we must give Agathias the palm among these. His vintage song, which I quoted already, would be fit pendant for the fresco of the grape-treading in the Campo Santo at Pisa; but here he is quite as fine when he would turn his back upon the wine-cup. He is Ben Jonson.¹ We have all heard some of this poem before: —

XV

No wine for me! — Nay, and it be your will,
Kiss first the goblet — I will drink my fill:
How may I, when thy lips have touched it, dare
Be sober still, and that sweet draught forswear?

-
- 1 [“ Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.”]
-

For the cup steers the kiss from thee to me,
And tells me all the bliss it won of thee.

I venture to transpose the order of the next two songs, to give Meleager's toast to Heliodora close upon this one (Herrick, after Jonson):—

XVI

Fill to the sun-maiden ! and then
Upon the draught her name
Yet once again, ' The sun-maiden,'
And be the toast the same.
Ah ! yet once more : and give to me
That garland drenched in myrrh :
Her wreath of yesterday shall be
Memorial of her.

In the *Palatine Anthology* there is a parenthesis with which the song ends, too pretty for me to refrain from giving it, as Mr. Wright has done:—

(And lo ! the rose, the lover's love,
— Because it sees her lying
Another's burning heart above—
The very rose is crying !)

Fortunately the next three are short, for I shall have some longer ones to add:—

XVII

Farewell, Phaëosphorus — dawn's herald ray,
But soon return as Hesperus, I pray,
And, darkling, bring back her you take away.

Here is a traditionary one; the fancy is as old and as young as love, and Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter* is perhaps the amber in which it lives best. Both these epigrams are his, we will say, for he has 'Sweet Hesper-Phosphor' in his *In Memoriam*:—

XVIII

It's oh! to be a wild wind—when my lady's in the
sun—
She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take me breath-
ing in.
It's oh! to be a red rose—just a faintly blushing one—
So she'd pull me with her hand and to her snowy breast
I'd win.

This last is Plato's divine one to Aster. Mr. Farrar has done it into an hexameter and pentameter neatly, if not poetically, and I give my rendering with diffidence:—

XIX

Thou gazest on the stars—a star to me
That art—but oh! that I the heavens might be
And with a thousand eyes still gaze on thee!

I must add to these love-songs two or three in a different strain. Here is a very bright one of Rufinus (v. 15):—

XX

Ah! where is now Praxiteles? and where the hands of
 Heraclite
 That wrought of old such images, as made the marble
 breathe delight?
 Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning
 glance of Melité,
 Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendours of
 her bosom be?
 Brave sculptors! would that it were mine to bid you at
 a lover's nod
 For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the statue of
 a god!

And of Meleager (v. 57):—

XXI

Love, if swimming in thy light oft-times burnt the soul
 shall be,
 Swiftly will she take her flight: cruel, she is winged
 like thee!

Here is a very characteristic one (v. 182):—

XXII

Say to Lycænis, Dorcas, what you're bid.
 Your love's proved false: false love can't long be hid.
 Tell her so, Dorcas—see! and then again
 A second and a third time, Dorcas, plain.
 Run, don't delay, but fly! stay—Dorcas—stay!
 Don't hurry, Dorcas, till I've said my say.
 Add to the former words . . . (that's foolish! no.)
 Say nothing then, but this—yes, all. Now go.
 Be sure and tell her all. But why send you
 Dorcas—when here I am and coming too?

This is the perfection of fancy—it is one of a series which I wish I could include (v. 152):—

XXIII

Fly for me, gnat, my swiftest messenger,
 And touch my lady's ear,
 Whispering this :
 ' He waits thee, waking, but thou sleepest yet.
 Ah! thoughtless, to forget
 Thy votaries ! '
 Fly to her, singing gnat, oh fly to her !
 Yet softly call her, softly, lest he hear
 And wake, who sleeps too near,
 And all my gains
 Be jealous blows. But an thou fetch her me,
 A lion's skin to thee,
 Gnat, for thy pains,
 And a club will I give, in hand to bear.

Could anything be more delicate than that—the notion of dressing a gnat in the attributes of Herakles after his feat of bringing the love to the lover? That at least has not come down to us along the centuries in every poet's song. It is unique, a little orchid in the Greek garden of flowers. But the next has a truer note of feeling (v. 174):—

XXIV

Now sleeps my lady, like a gentle flower—
 O that I were as sleep without his wing,
 Across her eyelids there!

So not even he that on Zeus' eyes hath power
Should share with me the sweet companioning
That I should get of her.

This, of regret (xii. 32):—

XXV

Ah now remember! yes, now remember
How this good word in the good days I said:
‘Beauty is sweetest—beauty is fleetest,
Not the swiftest bird in air
Is a swifter passenger.’
Lo! now to earth your beauty flowers are shed!

That is a chrysanthemum indeed—a golden
flower, fit winter gathering in the Greek
garden. And this of passion (v. 215):—

XXVI

I pray thee, Love, for sake of my poor song
To put to sleep this sleepless love of mine!
Yea—for they will not learn—those arrows thine
To smite another, but they do me wrong
Winging their flight for ever at only me.
What though thou slay me? I shall leave this line
Written, whereof the sound shall echo long:
‘Here lies, whose murder was of Love’s cruelty.’

But of all that the prince of love-poets did
there is nothing that equals this. I have
not been quite literal here. Scholars will
know why I need handle it delicately, and it
tells its own tale of longing (xii. 125):—

XXVII

Love brought by night a vision to my bed,
One that still wore the vesture of a child
But eighteen years of age — who sweetly smiled
Till of the lovely form false hopes were bred
And keen embraces wild.
Ah! for the lost desire that haunts me yet,
Till mine eyes fail in sleep that finds no more
That fleeting ghost! Oh lovelorn heart, give o'er—
Cease thy vain dreams of beauty's warmth — forget
The face thou longest for!

All through the Anthology there is nothing rings truer than that.¹ Again I have begun and ended with Meleager, but this section was his special sphere, his share in the epitaphs being, though noble, comparatively small.

The first of these — the epitaphs of friendship and love — is Plato's for Aster, finely

1 ["You never loved me, and yet to save me,
One unforgettable night you gave me
Such chill embraces as the snow-covered heights
Receive from clouds, in northern, Auroral nights.
Such keen communion as the frozen mere
Has with immaculate moonlight, cold and clear.
And all desire,
Like falling fire,
Died slowly, faded surely, and sank to rest
Against the delicate chillness of your breast."

A modern parallelism, one of a series of love lyrics from India as "arranged in verse" by Laurance Hope in *The Garden of Kama*, 1902.]

done by Shelley,¹ of which I write the mere English:—

XXVIII

As morning star to man thy light was shed—
As evening star thou shinest for the dead!

And then follows one of the only two Mr. Wright gives of Meleager's:—

XXIX

Tears, lady, though thou lie beneath the earth,
The little Love has left for Death, I shed
Tears, bitter tears, o'er thy lamented head,
Poor tribute of my heart and my heart's dearth.
Heavily, heavily,—my dear—my dead!—
In vain to Acheron I mourn thy worth;
Ah! where's the stem that gave my longing birth?
Now Death hath torn—hath torn it from its bed.
Yea, dust hath stained my floweret at her best;
I pray thee, mother earth, that tenderly
Thou gather her whom all we weep to thee—
And fold her gently, mother, to thy breast.

That is what he wrote for his sun-maiden, as I called her in the toast. The next is by Erinna, who lived more than five hundred years before Meleager, and who died when she was only nineteen, leaving work that

1 ["Thou wert the Morning Star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead."]

promised, the ancients thought, to equal Homer's, but this one which Mr. Wright gives is only doubtfully hers.

XXX

Pillars and Sirens mine, and mournful urn
That holdest all death's little ashes here,
Bid 'hail' to them that greet my sepulchre,
Strangers or citizens, ere they return.
And say 'her father called this buried maid
Baucis by name — her race was Tenian.'
That they may know my story while they scan
These signs Erinna's hand — my friend's — portrayed.

There is a fine epitaph for Erinna herself,
which will not be out of place here (vii.
13):—

XXXI

Maiden Erinna, like a minstrel bee,
Culling her flowers fresh with the Muses' breath,
Death snatched to bridal: ah! a prophet she
Singing so surely 'Thou art jealous, Death.'

But to Callimachus must be given the palm
in this section. He was chief librarian at
Alexandria, and lived shortly before the first
Punic war. *Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν*, he
said, 'a big book is a big evil,' and of all his
eight hundred volumes only six hymns and
less than a century of epigrams remain.
These have been, many of them, quite beau-

tifully translated, but I think this will be welcome under a new guise:—

XXXII

Their prattling Crethis full of blameless laughter
Oft seek the Samian maidens, many an one :
All her sweet gossip at the loom is done.
She sleeps, below, the sleep that follows after,
Which never a maiden of them all can shun.

The next one is so evidently by Mrs. Browning, that I may be allowed some of her loose rhymes.

XXXIII

Dead ! my firstborn ? no ! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-
hearted.
There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture—
Soft the flowers around thee—away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness
makes sorry ;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirsteth, and robbed of
its glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou 'dwellest
securely —
Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enhallow
thee purely !

This is Meleager's best, so earnest that I have changed the person in order to retain the 'intimate' tone. Herrick, our Meleager, did this one too.

XXXIV

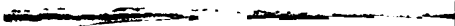
Bridal none but death for bridegroom, dear,
Falls to thee to lay thy girlhood by.
Oh! last eve upon our threshold, clear
Rang the lotus-flutes, and merrily
Echoed back the beaten chamber door.
But this morning breaks no music glad—
Lamentation loud the flutes outpour,
And the bridal god wails hushed and sad.
Yea, the torch, that lit thee to my bed,
Lights thee that last way among the dead.

The next of Leonidas I need not give; it is very matter of fact and not very interesting as a record of daily life. The charm of an epitaph of this description is that it shows how similar was life all those years ago to what it is now. As soon as that epitaph is given as an English verse this charm is to a great extent gone. The next of Callimachus I cannot spare.

XXXV

Now would to God swift ships had ne'er been made!
Then, Sopolis, we had not mourned thy shade—
Dear son of Diocleides seaward sent!
Now somewhere in deep seas thy corse is tost
Hither and thither—and for whom we lost
We find thy name and empty monument.

We pass on to this quaint one by Paulus Silentiarius, one of the latest writers, which



Cowper translated strikingly but quite inadmissibly—for he puts all the lines into the mouth of the corpse, whereas the point of the epigram lies in the interruptions of the traveller.

XXXVI

'My name was'—well! it helps thee not, 'my land'—
'tis nought to me!
'My race was brave'—vile had it been, what matter
would it be?
'My life and death had fair renown'—If shame, what
could it do?
'Here now I lie—what's that to me? and what am I
to you?

On the next page this anonymous one is fine:—

XXXVII

Now have I found the harbour! Hope, and thou good
Hap, farewell!
We meet no more; mock those on earth that after me
shall dwell.

And this of Plato for Dion, the tyrant of
Syracuse:—

XXXVIII

Weeping the lot of the Ilian women—for Hecuba
weeping—
This was the weft of the Fates spun on the day they
were born.

Ah! but from thee, my Dion, thy sacrifice gratefully
keeping,
Wide was the hope that the gods, quenching thine
honours, have torn.
Thou, while thy citizens praise thee, in the glades of
thy land liest sleeping,
Dion, desire of whose love wilders my senses forlorn.

Mr. Johnson's pretty and simple verses for this one of Callimachus deter one from trying it again, but the epitaph (upon Heraclitus) is in itself immortal and will shine through many renderings. It is no mere exercise of verse-making, but rings with as true and as restrained a note of sorrow as *Lycidas* or *Thyrsis*.

XXXIX

One tells me, friend, that we are parted now.
And I recall how often I and thou,
In closest converse, sank the sun to sleep,
And, so remembering, weep.
Halicarnassian host! somewhere thou must
Long, long ago be dust,
Yet live thy nightingales — thine own — for them
Death, that takes all, hath never requiem!

This of Simmias is a little earlier (about 300 B. C.). The rendering 'Wind, gentle evergreen,' with which we are all familiar, does not seem to me to give at all the tone or the lilt of the verse.

XL

Tenderly, ivy, on Sophocles' grave — right tenderly —
 twine
 Garlanding over the mound network of delicate
 green.
 Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose, and the
 clustering vine
 Pour out its branches around, wet with their glist-
 ering sheen.
 All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it was his to
 combine,
 Priest of the gay and profound : sweetest of singers
 terrene.

We need not linger over the epitaph for
 Anacreon after that on Sophocles, and I am
 anxious to make this of Leonidas into a
 sonnet.

XLI

Shepherds that on this mountain ridge abide,
 Tending your goats and fleecy flocks alway,
 A little favour, but most grateful, pay
 Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied !
 For sake of mother earth, and by the bride
 Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray,
 Bleat near me, and the shepherd softly play
 From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.

Ah ! but, in early spring, cull meadowsweet,
 Neighbour, and weave a garland for my tomb ;
 And with ewe's milk be the stone edge bedewed
 When the lambs play about their mothers' feet.
 So shall you honour well the shades, from whom
 Are thanks — and from the dead is gratitude.

I must interpolate one of Meleager's on a hare which I am afraid Mr. Wright does not think grave enough for the *Golden Treasury* (vii. 207):—

XLII

I was a fleet-foot, long-eared hare,
Snatched early from maternal care
On delicate spring-flowers to fare.

In gentle Fanny's arms I lay,
Nor ever wished myself away,
Nor fretted for my mother aye.

Full many a dainty she supplied.
I lived on clover at her side,
And then, of too much clover, died.

Close to her couch she laid me dead :
In dreamland to be visited
By spectre tombs beside her bed.

Cowper should have done that instead of the other. The last in the fourth section is this very graceful one which bears no master's name.

XLIII

Kind earth, take old Amyntychus to thee
— Mindful of all his labours — tenderly.
For thee he set the olive's sturdy roots,
Many an one, and gave thee vineyard shoots
For beauty, and made thy valleys thick with corn.
And of his hand were water runnels born

To feed thee serviceable herbs, beside
Thine apple-bearing orchards fair and wide.
Wherefore on his grey head, kind earth, lie light,
And make with flowers his spring-tide pastures bright.

Nearly all the epigrams in Mr. Wright's fifth section are from the Anthology of Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century who 'Bowdlerised' the old collections and added others. Two or three only are from the *Palatine Anthology*. This first is by Diotimus, almost a contemporary of Callimachus. It is a noble classic speech for a statue.

XLIV

Here am I, very Artemis, but thou,
Seeing Zeus' true daughter here in bronze revealed,
Gaze on my maiden boldness, and allow
'For her were the whole earth mean hunting-field.'

Next is a piece of description by Plato:—

XLV

Then came we to a shadowy grove: and lo!
Cythera's son like apples in their glow;
And he had laid his arrowy quiver by,
And his bent bow,
Hanging them from the leafy trees and high.
And there he lay among the roses sleeping
And, sleeping, smiled, while brownny bees were keeping
Court to his waxen lips for honey's flow
Above where he did lie.

The little one of Parmenio is not interesting in English, but this of Agathias is beautiful (perhaps we ought to call it Mrs. Browning's). It is for a waxen Faun.

XLVI

' All of its own accord, little Faun, does thy flute go on ringing?

Why, with ears to the reed, listenest the livelong day? '

Smiling, he holds his peace: an answer maybe had come winging,

Only he pays no heed, rapt in oblivion away.

Nay, not the wax withholds him; his whole soul, charmed with the singing,

Gives back silence for meed, silent rewarding the lay.

This fine description of Niobe and her children is the only one of Meleager's which Mr. Wright gives in this group:—

XLVII

Daughter of Tantalus! hearken my words — a message to mourn —

Hear from my lips the pitiful tale of thy woe!

Loosen thine hair, poor mother, that bared'st for deity's scorn

Many a boy for Phœbus to mark with his bow.

Now not a son is left thee. Fresh horror! for what do I see?

Out and alas! a slaughter that spares not the maid.

One in the arms of her mother, and one as she clings to her knee,

One on the ground, and one at the breast unafraid;

One faces death with a shudder erect ; one bends on
the dart ;

Last, there is one that looks on the daylight alone.
Niobe, she that erewhile loved boasting, with fear at
her heart

Stands yet quick — a breathing mother of stone.

But this is the loveliest of the group, full of
the care and passion of real grief :—

XLVIII

Pericles, Archias' son ! To thee they place
— For witness of thy prowess in the chase —
My column, on whose stone the sculptor sets
Thy horse, thy dog, thy spears, thy hunting-nets
Mounted on stakes, and eke the stakes alone —
Ah God ! ah God ! — for all are only stone !
At twenty years thou sleep'st death's sleep profound,
And undisturbed by beasts that prowl around.

I shall not do the next one of Leonidas
about a drunken Anacreon. Here are two
pretty ones of Meleager instead about a cup
and a picture (v. 171) :—

XLIX

Bright laughs the cup — for ' I have kissed,' it saith,
' Thy lady's laughing mouth.' Too happy cup !
Oh ! that, her lips to my lips, at a breath
My lady's kiss would drink my spirit up !

And (v. 149) :—

L

Ah ! who hath shown my lady unto me,
Her very self, as if she spake ?

Who brought to me one of the Graces three
For friendship's sake?
Full surely brings he me a joyful thing,
And for his grace the grace of thanks I bring.

But I must not give Meleager the lion's share again in this group—that is almost the last of his I shall be able to put in. These two of Plato's with which Mr. Wright finishes the section are admirably contrasted in tone, and both quite perfect. This is for a ring:—

LI

See! five oxen graven on a jasper gem!
To the life! and feeding one and all of them.
Stay—will they not run away—the beasties? No, the
fold
Of this golden circlet our little herd shall hold.

It is as fanciful as a nursery rhyme. The other is as joyous and stately as Milton.

LII

Silent! shaggy scour that Dryads keep.
Silent! rills adown the crags that run.
Silent! mingled bleating of the sheep—
Pan himself the piping has begun.
To his tuneful lip the reed sets he,
Lo! the dance awakens at his call.
Let your young feet trip it merrily,
Waterynymphs and woodnymphs one and all!

Mr. Wright's last section contains what I might call the epigrams of thought. The first is Palladas'—(I had almost written Shakespeare's). He was a late writer.

LIII

All life's a stage and farce. Or learn to play,
Careless, or bear your sorrows as you may.¹

And the next two are his also.

LIV

Naked to earth was I brought—naked to earth I
descend.
Why should I labour for nought, seeing how naked
the end?

And:—

LV

Breathing the thin breath through our nostrils, we
Live, and a little space the sunlight see—
Even all that live—each being an instrument
To which the generous air its life has lent.
If with the hand one quench our draught of breath,
He sends the stark soul shuddering down to death.
We that are nothing on our pride are fed,
Seeing, but for a little air, we are as dead.

The next beautiful one—quite Tennysonian

-
- 1 [“Life is a Farce, mere Children's Play,
Go learn to model thine by theirs,
Go learn to trifle Life away,
Or learn to bear a Life of Cares.”

JOHN HALL STEVENSON, 1762.]

—is attributed to *Æsopus* in the *Palatine Anthology*, though Mr. Wright gives it no master.

LVI

'Is there no help from life save only death?
Life that such myriad sorrows harboureth
I dare not break, I cannot bear,' — one saith.

'Sweet are stars, sun, and moon, and sea, and earth,
For service and for beauty these had birth,
But all the rest of life is little worth —

'Yea, all the rest is pain and grief,' saith he,
'For if it hap some good thing come to me
An evil end befalls it speedily.'

This of *Agathias* is most charming in its *naïveté*. Certainly he is the latest of the epigrammatists. But this complaint of girls for secluded life might have been written very few years ago.

LVII

Not such your burden, happy youths, as ours —
Poor women children nurtured daintily —
For ye have comrades, when ill fortune lours,
To hearten you with talk and company ;
And ye have games for solace, and may roam
Along the streets and see the painters' shows.
But woe betide us if we stir from home —
And there our thoughts are dull enough, God knows !

The next, by *Agathias* too, is true now-a-days
and always.

LVIII

At this smooth marble table let us sit
 And while away the time with dice a bit !
 Don't crow, sir, if you win — and then, should I,
 Grumble and growl ' It's all that beastly die ; '
 For in such trifles is man's temper plain,
 And the dice test our power to self-restrain.

This one by Poseidippus, some seven hundred years earlier, has been well done by Sir John Beaumont together with its answer, attributed to Metrodorus. I am tempted to do it again though, as it just fits a sonnet.

LIX

Show me some path of life ! The market-place
 Breeds only quarrel and hard bargainings,
 Staying at home incessant worry brings,
 Of working in the fields one tires apace,
 Who goes to sea a constant dread must face,
 And, if one travel, fears for precious things
 Torment — if one has none, the lacking stings —
 So, rich or poor, hard is the traveller's case.

Married, what care ! single, what loneliness !
 Children bring sorrow — blank the childless life ;
 Foolish is youth, and old age listless quite.
 Here lies the only choice, I must confess —
 Not to be born into this world of strife,
 Or straight to die, having but just seen the light.

For this next — Ptolemy's, who lived about two centuries and a half on in the Christian

era—I shall borrow a turn of rhyme from Robert Browning.

LX

I know that I am mortal and the creature of a day.
But when I see the stars, like sand, in orbits turn
always,
As that divinest sight I heed, I spurn the earth and say
'Now am I even as Zeus, and feed on his ambrosia.'

This is more familiar. The author is unknown, but the text is as old as Solomon.

LXI

Drink and be merry! for what is the future and what
is the morrow?
No man answereth thee. Labour not thou, neither
run;
Feast as thou may'st, and do good and distribute: but
let not life borrow
Any false worth, for 'to be'—'not to be'—lo! 'tis
all one!
Yea, what is life? an thou take it, thy thrall. 'Tis the
turn of the scale.
But, an thou lose it, another's is all—but thee
nought can avail.

The last but one is a poem of Marcus Argentarius, also late, full of a beautiful hedonism.

LXII

The golden stars are quiring in the west,
And in their measure will I dance my best,
But in no dance of man.

High on my head a crown of flowers I raise
And strike my sounding lyre in Phœbus' praise,
For this is life's best plan,
And the whole firmament were wrong
Had it no crown, no song.

This crown, this song,¹ this 'order' of life was what made Greek humanity divine. There is no more concise expression of the intimacy between daily life and ritual than that little verse contains in the heart of it. It is the most Greek but, perhaps Mr. Wright thought, not the most philosophic strain to end with, and he brings us to a full stop with Philodemus' resolutions.

LXIII

I loved — and you. I played — who hath not been
Steeped in such play? If I was mad, I ween
'Twas for a god and for no earthly queen.

Hence with it all! Then dark my youthful head,
Where now scant locks of whitening hair, instead,
Reminders of a grave old age, are shed.

I gathered roses while the roses blew.
Playtime is past, my play is ended too.
Awake, my heart! and worthier aims pursue.

There is a note of Herrick again in that.
We found one of Philodemus' love-songs in

1 The allusion in the poem is to the constellations of Orpheus and Ariadne — lute and crown.

the third group, and noticed its sigh of sadness, 'Poor lovers I and thou.' We saw that he too came from Gadara and was a contemporary of Meleager. It is strange to catch the selfsame notes ringing from the midst of that Syrian culture, which we hear echo our own longings of to-day in the poets of the golden age of Elizabeth.



T R O Y

THE ARGUMENT

The traveller in the Troad sees, in the sunset, as it were a vision of past heroes, and Helen ; who being but a shade of old, after the story of Herodotus, abideth yet over against Troy, and is the spirit of beauty and mother of heroism for all time ; though of the Greek host that came up against the city nothing remains save the broken witness of tombs, nor aught of the great armies of Xerxes, who did homage on Ida.

" Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium ? "

MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS

HMEIS ΔΕ ΚΑΕΟΣ ΟΙΟΝ ΑΚΟΤΟΜΕΝ

Iliad ii. 486



T R O Y

Look to the West, the sun lies red and low ;
The lazy clouds drift o'er, and shadows grow
Where the grey land slopes idly to the sea :
The air is soft with night's serenity,
And charm'd evening breathes a hush profound
On every acre of this storied ground.
Sacred the city these lone plains enthal,
Their thyme-sweet pasture is the royal pall
Of towers o'erthrown and burning hearts, that lie
One with the soil where virtue bade them die.
Lo, through the falling darkness, at our side,
Dreamy and dim the pine-clad hills abide
That knew the footsteps of the Phrygian boy,
And here, beneath our feet, was very Troy.
It needs not earth be riven, to disclose
Sepultured urns to witness Priam's woes ;
Though in her state the city stood confessed,
The eyes were blind that saw the vision best.
Like some wan ghost uprising from the tomb
Pale from a thousand years of sunless gloom, —
(Or like a queen who died when time was young,
Some fair queen, oft by minstrel voices sung,
Found by a later age, which never shall
Know all the glories of her burial ;
Whose jewell'd vesture of the years gone by
Shrouds the dead face that is a memory) —

This city, which was queen of cities, when
Men walked as gods, and gods befriended men,
Not all discrowned, nor unapparelled, lies
Beneath this sunset of her Asian skies,
Even yet, though prone her listening citadel
She hears afar the sounding Pontus swell,
The ceaseless thunder of unalumbering seas,
That hymn her heroes to the Chersonese.

But ah ! what later hour shall bring to her
Such hearts heroic as these mounds inter ?
Scamander sings them, — hushed that healing wave
Where Hector staunch'd the wound that Ajax gave —
And Ida bears them laurels ; all in vain —
They wake them not to victory or pain.
Their gods, their gods are dead, and never more
Shall haunt dark ships upon this hallowed shore,
Shall guide the arrow sped, the javelin hurled,
Or shew Achilles to the wildered world.

Sleep they or wake, who woke so well in life ?
Surely, new-born for some diviner strife
They wield the winds for weapons, and the skies
Sunburnished, are their mail'd panoplies.
Yea now, even now, beneath this Eastern night
The vales are lit, and all the land is bright ;
Rays, as of opal and of amethyst
Kindle to forms the ever-nearing mist —
And wizard fancy peoples all the plain
With ghosts that lived as none shall live again.
Ah now, methinks, tall Troy transfigured stands,
Her walls arise, they burst their mouldering bands ;

Her dead awake to battle, each his mate
Rouses to onset at the Scæan gate ;
The cloudy heavens assume the dense array,
And send their shadowy legions to the fray.
Lo, here the strangers from sublimer realm
Lift the loud shield and don the plume-swept helm ;
Their feet are lightnings through the summer air,
And in their crests the spangled stars they wear.
With either conscious host their lot they choose,
They lose the day to win, they win to lose.
Nor fails the hero's heart : their tempest-tread
Scares not the soul of dauntless Diomed.

The clangour stills ; we feel the silence stirred
By tender throbbing of some piteous word,
And the low pleading of Andromache
Rings clear against the night ; for where is he,
Dear as to her, to us ? His life is stayed
For whom that prayer was urged, that plaint was made.
Loud from the walls resounds the chariots' ring,
White clouds of dust the bounding axles fling
To hide the shameless deed ; the ground we tread
Is ruddy with the trail of Hector dead !—
Spread wide your glades, Elysian fields, afar ;
And let his soul forget Achilles' car,
Recall his wife's embrace, nor reck her doom,
Remember all the glory. . . Through the gloom
Lightens the face he died for. This is she,
Her very self and not a memory ;
Aye, this is she who taught her lord to prove,
With such a sacrifice, so little love ;

This is no semblance from the sunset made —
She is not dead, that this should be her shade,
Who never was but shadow, stol'n away
From twilit marriage of the dawn with day.
Who art thou if not Helen? — 'Nay, for she,
' In lotus-wreathen meadows oversea,
' Sits dreaming on a bank of asphodel,
' And life is glad for her, and all is well.
' Not in her ear the Libyan songs are loud,
' Nor she forgets her land, amid the crowd
' Of Apis' worshippers; for, when the night
' Touches her gracious head with mellow light,
' Full swift her truant fancies wont to roam
' To Argolis, her surf-resounding home;
' Till forth she wanders, moving pale and fair,
' While night-dews dim the splendours of her hair;
' Listless her aspect, and her gesture slow;
' The skies are watching, those same skies that know
' Of all the havoc she has made in Troy,
' But may not tell her teen to mar her joy.
' The violet-vein'd eyelids lift — the eyes
' Turn from the helpless heavens and silent skies
' To mazy Nile, whose rippling water-bars
' Splinter the mirrored gold of stranger stars' —

Who art thou if not Helen? 'I was born
' Of mist and air, — and by the gods, in scorn,
' Set in this city for a brand of fire,
' Empress alike and handmaid of desire.
' For nought escapes the high gods' boundless ken
' And, seeing the earth was overborne of men

' Who dwelt together calmly and at ease,¹
 ' They made me to bring toil on all of these —
 ' A soulless spirit whose Lethæan breath
 ' Wafted earth's princes to the vales of death.
 ' Methinks no woman, that had seen them there
 ' For her sake fallen, broad of limbs and fair,
 ' With clear eyes fronting death, and unafraid
 ' So that the sight of her, like balm, were laid
 ' After long vigil, on them, — nay not one
 ' Most loved and most unloving 'neath the sun
 ' But had grown weary of the dole she wrought ;
 ' To me, poor careless wraith, all these were nought,
 ' Who fain were one with that cool breeze that fills
 ' The hollows of the Dryad-haunted hills.'

She sighed, but passed not : Lo, the night aflame
 With myriad blaze of starlight, and there came
 A glimpse of all the fires that marred the crown
 Of heavenward turrets round th' embattled town,
 When o'er the city of the gods' desire
 Floated the smoke-wrapt torch that lit her pyre ;
 For one brief hour she brightened all the sky,
 And snow-clad mountains blushed to see her die ;

1 Schol. ἡ δὲ ἱστορία παρὰ Στασίῳ τῷ τὰ
 Κύπρια πεποιηκότι, εἰπόντι οὕτως.

“ ἦν δτε μυρία φύλα κατὰ χθόνα πλαζόμενα .
 βαρυστέρνου πλάτος αἰης
 Ζεὺς δ' ἰδὼν ἐλέησε καὶ ἐν πυκιναῖς πρᾶπίδεσσι
 Σύνθετο κουφσαι ἀνθρώπων παμβώτορα
 γαίαν,” etc.

Then, with her sons, she buried all her shame,
And nought was left her, but a scathless name.

More strange that later gloom which wrapt thy height,
Ida, when through the murk tempestuous night
Reverberate thunder whelmed with baneful fear¹
Proud Xerxes' minions, and the warnings drear
Downshaken from each dusky-feathered pine
Seemed the dread utterance of a voice divine.
The heavens foreshadow doom, the meteors gleam,
Scamander, dazed, denies his sullen stream ;
The astounded King his empty worship plies,
And scares each sacred shade with sacrifice.
Vain all his rite—the goddess hides her smile,
(From hands unhallowed goodliest gifts are vile,)
The serpent hosts with reverent horror quail,
Dark fear descends upon their glistening trail ;
Till with the dawn they pass. — O dale and hill !
You rest in majesty triumphant still,
Yours is the strength and awe ! yea, these are gone,
Their pride is perished and their boasting done ;
But yet, for halo, shines on Ida's head
The deathless presence of her holy dead.

Let us arise and go ! The breeze awakes,
And, down the eastern summits, morning breaks,

¹ Cf. in Herod. VII. the account of Xerxes' sacrifice in the Troad before he starts for Abydos,—and subsequently “ταῦτα δὲ ποιμαμένοισι νυκτὸς φόβος ἐς τὸ στρατόπεδον ἐνέπεσε.”

Here, where amid the ashes of her sons
The city kneeleth at her orisons.
Hers is the fount of poetry, that dries
Never, nor falls throughout the centuries,
And forth to alien lands fresh channels fling
The same sweet guerdon from her single spring.
Here dwells the shade of Helen : and though time
Call her by diverse names in many a clime
The kingdoms fall, but her reign is not done
Who gives to many, but the gift is one.
Yea, though the ages, darkling, pass away,
She holds an ageless empire in her sway,
Hath still that beauty of the days of yore
But with young years is ever young once more :
As now — new sunlight flushing all the land —
This twilit plain, from dawn's magician hand
Wins other aspect, and across the wold
The silver river grows a thread of gold.





BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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As a matter of record the earliest attempts at metrical translation into English of the Greek Anthology barely date back to 1806. In that year the Rev. Robert Bland collected what he and his friends had done in a single octavo volume which passed to its second edition in 1813. A third edition saw the light in 1833, but considerably revised and decreased. In *Blackwoods Magazine* for 1833-35 a series of articles written by Professor Wilson of "Noctes" fame still further extended this labour of love. In 1849 the Rev. Dr. H. Wellesley published his *Anthologia Polyglotta*, "a most valuable collection of the best translations and imitations in all languages, with the original text." Out of such material and from additional sources *The Greek Anthology, as selected for the use of Westminster, Eton, and other Public Schools, Literally translated into English verse chiefly by George Burges, A. M.*, was compiled and first published in Bohn's Classical Library in 1852, an excellent and handy volume that

has been many times reprinted. An almost complete translation of the Anthology was also made in 1864 by Major R. G. Macgregor, *Greek Anthology, With Notes Critical and Explanatory*, (London, n. d.). Octavo. Pp. xvi: 1-740. This has been truly described as "a work of stupendous industry and fidelity, which almost redeems the general mediocrity of the execution."

The above may be said to comprise the ancient history of the Anthology in English. The following list deals with what has been accomplished within our own day and generation: in itself a convincing proof of an ever-widening interest in the subject, and of a scholarship sometimes combined with high poetic attainment that invites and will amply repay our closest attention.

1

ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA: PASSAGES FROM THE GREEK POETS SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH NOTES BY THE REV. FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M. A. LONDON, 1899. 16mo. First published in 1867 and frequently reissued it is concerned with the Greek text only. In the Notes a few translations will be found.

2

THE POETS OF GREECE BY EDWIN ARNOLD. LONDON, 1869. Octavo. Never reprinted but of consid-

erable interest. The dedication to the poet's first wife contains a very beautiful quatrain :

Flowers from Greek gardens, Fannie !—old turned new,
Doric, Æolic, Attic, planted here ;
You made the happy sunshine, where they grew—
Such as the growth is, have the blossoms, Dear !

3

IDYLLS AND EPIGRAMS: CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY BY RICHARD GARNETT. LONDON, 1869. Fcap 8vo. A later reprint of the "Epigrams" will be found in Dr. Garnett's *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology*, (The Cameo Series, Fcap 8vo.), London, 1892.

4

STUDIES FROM THE GREEK POETS BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. LONDON, 1893. Octavo, 2 vols. The *first* edition appeared in 1873, but the *third* is the one to possess, having been revised, and augmented by a chapter containing a fairly literal translation of the "Mimes" of Herondas. For the Anthology itself see Vol. II, Pp. 282-343.

5

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9

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10

SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY, EDITED WITH A REVISED TEXT, INTRODUCTION, TRANSLATION AND NOTES BY J. W. MACKAIL. LONDON, 1890. A new edition, revised throughout, was issued London, 1906. Octavo. Pp. xii:1-434. This work has been made still further accessible by a reprint in Longman's Pocket Library (2 vols.), sold separately. The Greek text (1 vol.) and the English translation (1 vol.).

11

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12

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13

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15

LONG AGO BY MICHAEL FIELD. PORTLAND, MAINE, 1897. The only really beautiful extension of Sappho's fragments into English lyrics based upon the Greek text and its literal translation by Dr. Wharton.

16

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We have traversed as will be seen somewhat wider ground than the Anthology

occupies, by including several titles of books dealing with Greek lyrics in general,— not a complete list by any means but one that we believe will be of service to our readers.







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